

THE ARGUS.

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Saturday, October 25, 1913.

It looks as if tomorrow would be a busy day in Old Mexico.

"Ex-King Manuel and his wife have been reconciled." Already, or again?

Probably, if a diligent search were made, Harry Thaw would be found somewhere in New Hampshire.

Before deciding to adopt low-necked evening dress men should reflect that such a course might provoke women into abandoning it.

Great Britain seems to expect the United States to regulate Mexico rather more successfully than Great Britain has regulated Russia.

Dictator Huerta's plan of rounding up his opponents and putting them in prison shows at least that he has a very practical idea of fusion.

An emanation of radium, say the scientists, is just as good as the real article. And that seems to be the idea that the beef barons are working at.

The Mexican minister of foreign affairs says the Washington government doesn't do Huerta justice. Very true; it hasn't had the opportunity to get at him yet.

Still Provisional President Huerta has the precedent in this country of an occupant of the White House declaring he would not again be a candidate, when in reality he had an altogether different notion in mind.

Former Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson let the cat out of the bag as to the whole situation in Mexico, when he said that American capital was in control of the industrial affairs of that country. The American flag, however, does not follow American capital at the expense of national honor. The government of the United States will only recognize governments founded on constitutional provisions, no matter who may be the sufferer, and thrones bought by blood will not be upheld in this country.

THE NEED OF A NEW COUNTY JAIL.
 The recent grand jury, following the example of its predecessors for years back, condemned the conditions of the Rock Island county jail as unsanitary and unfit for the housing of prisoners, but contrary to the practices of preceding grand juries suggested a remedy. It recommended to the board of supervisors the only remedy—a new jail.

To this end the late grand jury suggested the submission to the people of a \$100,000 bond issue for this purpose. The proposition is in line with the times. Common consideration of common humanity warrants the improvement. The present jail, despite all that has been done or could be done to better it, and notwithstanding all the care that could be taken to make it habitable, is unfit. It is old, musty, insanitary and an improper place to confine human beings.

It does not afford the opportunities for segregation or separation of the different classes of prisoners. Mere boys and first offenders are unavoidably thrown in with hardened criminals and are thus corrupted or contaminated by evil influences and associations.

There are few counties whose jails are not more modern than is the one of Rock Island county, and it is hoped the board of supervisors will put the proposition of providing a modern one up to the people by virtue of a bond issue, and that the impulses of humanity will prompt the people in giving it their sanction and approval.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

The crucial stage has been reached in the Mexican situation and complications are pressing that may at any moment produce a world dispute. England as usual is apparently proving the chief meddler and mischief maker, according to the Washington advice.

Out of sympathy with the United States at all times in stress of circumstances she has not hesitated to give the affront whenever it might be possible to "get away with it." Fortunately for this country England has never been able to "get away with it," for any great distance. Desiring the Monroe doctrine; envious of its effect, and alert to encourage violation or discredit of it, she was called by President Cleveland in the Venezuelan affair and it looks now as if President Wilson, patient as he is, will be obliged

to sound a warning unmistakable in tone and meaning.

England's influence, so far as the other great powers of Europe are concerned, is of course great and to the full extent that she is permitted to go in opposition to the policy of the United States on this hemisphere, just so far will the others follow. If England is diplomatically informed that the United States is supreme on this continent and its fiat is law, the others will be very quick to take the warning.

President Wilson is relying upon England's sense of honor not to force him to the extreme, but in dealing with the bully you sometimes have to use the club.

REASONABLE STREET CAR PORTS FOR SHOP MEN.

Now that the Tri-City Railway company has succeeded in reequipping its lines and has a fair number of extra cars to spare, the subject of sufficient accommodations on the two main lines to Moline for shop men during the evening rush hours is again being agitated.

Considerable discussion of this matter was going on last spring, but when the fire disaster at the Moline avenue car sheds occurred, and it was realized how seriously handicapped the company was in furnishing adequate accommodations for the ordinary traffic, to say nothing of extras, all talk on this question was considerably dropped by the men.

But now that the company is in a fair way to meet the demands of the situation it has been revived. It is believed that a few trippers on the main line between 4:30 and 6:30 in the afternoon would solve the proposition. It is during this time that the men employed in the Moline factories are coming from work, and it is not an unusual occurrence that a large percentage of them are obliged, because of the crowded condition of the cars, to stand all the way home. To a man who has been on his feet all day this is considerable of a hardship, and while the men appreciate the convenience of modern equipment furnished by the Tri-City Railway company, they feel that they are entitled to reasonable comforts in returning from work. They would like an opportunity to sit in the cars instead of being obliged to stand as is generally the case.

There is very little complaint about the morning service as the cars are not so crowded then, but in the late afternoon the jam practically crowds the working men out.

It is believed that if the company would provide a few trippers during the rush hours, for the exclusive use of the workers, it would remedy conditions wonderfully.

RAILROAD TO HELP FARMERS.

There have been no very accurate figures available as to the losses of farmers and high prices to consumers as a result of the inability of the farmer to get to market perishable products during the summer and fall, but it is well known that the total for each year is enormous.

The management of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad has devised the most practical plan we have heard of yet to overcome this loss. It announces that beginning next spring it will put a refrigerator car on each of its divisions and on certain days of each week will pick up farm produce at all the stations convenient to the farmers, no matter how small, and will take the produce on consignment, carry it to the large markets and then sell it for the farmers on a small commission.

There will be no holding of produce for the purpose of creating artificial prices, as many commission merchants have done, but the goods will be delivered in the market absolutely fresh, handled by experts employed by the railroad company, and the proceeds promptly remitted to the producers. The company will accept all consignments, no matter how small. The farmer need not hold back his eggs until he accumulates a large number and many of them become stale. If he has a quantity of apples that will not keep long, he need not feed them to his hogs, nor need consumers in the cities along the lines of the company pay 16 cents a dozen for apples while on the farms they are rotting on the ground. As the refrigerator cars move toward the big markets the produce that has been collected will be sorted and reshipped so that only full cars will reach the cities.

If the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe can do this in the territory in which it operates, railroads in the middle west which run through much more thickly populated territory, can also afford to do it.

\$1,950,000 TO SCHOOLS

Rockefeller Board Aids Medical and Wisconsin Institutions.

New York, Oct. 25.—One million five hundred thousand dollars to Johns Hopkins Medical school, Baltimore; \$200,000 to Barnard college, New York City; \$200,000 to Wellesley college, Wellesley, Mass., and \$50,000 to Ripon college, Ripon, Wis. These were the donations announced last night by the general education board founded by John D. Rockefeller.

The big gift to Johns Hopkins Medical school was made with the condition that the income be used to permit the professors to devote their entire time to research work and classes. In honor of an eminent pathologist, it is to be called the William H. Welch endowment for clinical education and research.

F. T. Gates, chairman of the board, in discussing the limitations put on the medical school professors said: "These men henceforth will be in position to do any service. They are free to see and to treat anyone, but will accept no personal fee for any such service."

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)
 Washington, Oct. 23.—Although the fact is little known, it is true that the interstate commerce commission since last February has been making an exhaustive study of the telephone business, getting its data not only from the books of the American corporations but from the statistics of the government-owned telephone systems of Europe. It may be some little time before the report of the commission is made public, but it will not be surprising if the commission comes squarely out for government ownership of these important public utilities.

The facts already discovered in this and other recent inquiries by federal experts make it seem problematical if the federal investigators advocate the condemnation and purchase of the telephone lines. It may be that appropriation of the long distance telephone system will be urged, and if so, it is more than likely that the experts will advise no purchase of the telephone properties.

The reason is that the government, having come into possession of the phone would find the telephone a useless equipment. The telephone corporations have stretched their permanent copper trunk lines across the country. The telephone companies still use iron wires, which rapidly deteriorate in weather. Recent inventions have made it entirely feasible to use a copper wire for telegraphing and telephoning simultaneously. Once in possession of the long distance telephone system, the government can at once begin the operation of telephone service.

It is also urged that telephone stock is badly watered, so much so that of the \$200,000,000 capitalization it is claimed that only about \$50,000,000 is actual value. Any attempt of the government to buy these lines at physical value would be denounced as "confiscation" of the \$150,000,000 of water. Consequently the government may do as it is doing in the case of express companies—build up a rival, competing system and gradually absorb all the business.

GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT.
 There is a good political lesson in the contrast between the methods by which the good roads question is being worked out by the federal government and by the state of Pennsylvania. Chairman Shackelford, of the house committee on roads, is proposing a maintenance bonus of \$15 per mile per year for all good roads, the construction of these highways to be absolutely in charge of local districts. The Penrose republican machine in Pennsylvania has captured the good roads movement body and boots and is exploiting it to the political and financial profit of all those on the inside, with incidental benefit to the farmers of Pennsylvania.

In 1903 the state started laudably to encourage road building by creating a state highways department and offering to pay half the cost of improvements. But the Penrose machine saw possibilities in this department too good to be missed. Two years later the first law was repealed and most of the work of road construction was taken away from the counties and townships and placed in the hands of the state highway commissioner, who later was given power to let contracts to the lowest "responsible" bidder, with authority to "reject any and all bids."

With this discretion, of course, the commissioner could give all the work to the favored contractors, leaving the outside bidders to whistle and blow on their fingers.

Now the state government is proposing a \$50,000,000 bond issue for state roads. The machine has instructions to get out and support it at the election this fall. In spite of the general republican reverses, things are looking up for Senator Penrose. The honest voters of the state are about to grant his organization a \$50,000,000 campaign fund, and one can make that stretch quite a ways.

EXPLAINS APPLE SHORTAGE

Rock Island, Oct. 24.—Editor The Argus: In today's Argus you have an article under the heading "Apples Galore, But Prices Soar." You ask, "Can anyone explain the reason why?" The government census explains it.

In 1900 there were 291,000,000 bearing apple trees, and in 1910 there were 151,000,000 bearing apple trees in the United States, a decrease of 50,000,000 bearing apple trees in 10 years.

In 1900 there were 75,000,000 apple eaters, and in 1910, 92,000,000 apple eaters in the United States, an increase in population of 16,000,000.

A decrease of supply amounting to the apples borne on 50,000,000 trees, and an increase of demand made by

16,000,000 people makes the increase in price.

This condition cannot be remedied, because the causes which decreased bearing trees still exist and cannot be removed. All of the decrease was in the eastern half of the United States, while the northwestern states showed an increase, being subject to different conditions.

The northwestern states, which now produce only 5 per cent of the total crop, must more and more be depended upon for apples, and prices must continue to be high.

In Europe, good American apples retail at 25 cents each, and the exports increase largely year by year.

DANIEL HAYES.

PALMYRA BANK FAILURE

Poor Crops Cause Collapse of 32-Year-Old Private Institution.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 25.—The Bank of Palmyra, a private institution at Palmyra, in Macoupin county, yesterday became a voluntary bankrupt after an existence of 32 years. Henry Hamilton, president of the State Bank

of Girard, has been named as receiver. The liabilities are approximately \$180,000. The institution had a capital of \$100,000 and was owned by L. P. Smith, C. F. Mahan, John W. Duncan and Henry Horton. The failure is attributed to inability to collect on mortgage notes and accounts because of the crop shortage this year. President Smith says the bank will be able to pay dollar for dollar.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that he believed in a prohibitive tariff and certainly something ought to be done to stop drinking.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

MAUD and the AEROPLANE



Maud Muller, on a summer's day, Was in the meadow raking hay.

She always had enjoyed good health, But had a hankering for wealth.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown, She longed to live in the far-off town.

She wished she might be richly dreged, And circulate among the best.

The judge came sailing up the lane Upon his nice new aeroplane.

Below him he beheld the maid, And tried to stop, and swooped and swayed.

He ripped a top rail from the fence, And talked as if he had no sense.

The engine got beyond control, The judge lost his immortal soul.

Maud stood there with a sickly grin, Until he hit her with a pin.

"My lord," she yelled, and ducked away; The judge lit on a pile of hay.

She hurried where the spring gushed up And filled her little old tin cup.

At first she thought the judge was dead, But she splashed the water on his head.

He looked upon his aeroplane And said some things that gave Maud pain.

At last he rose and, with a frown, He started for the distant town.

Then bringing himself to a halt, He said: "This, girl, is all your fault."

"If you had not been raking here, I'd have stayed in the atmosphere."

"You've cost me dear and spoiled my sport; I'll fine you for contempt of court!"

He then went onward up the lane, And Maud returned to work again.

She gazed upon his wrecked machine, And said: "Alas, what might have been!"

"Ah, well, in heaven we'll all have wings, And not depend on such fool things!"

She has changed her opinion. "I hear your maiden aunt is visiting you."

"Yes. Came yesterday."

"How long does she expect to stay?"

"Oh, I don't know—probably for some time."

"I feel sorry for your wife. I believe I heard her say not long ago that she despised the old lady."

"She used to, but she has changed her opinion—in fact, has a great respect for her now. Aunt Hetty brought three trunks, two of them filled with things she smuggled in from Europe."

Think it over.

Does it help to say the world is going wrong?

Does bitterly complaining make you strong?

Does it ever help your case To display a dismal face?

When others win the triumphs that to you, indeed, belong?

Does it help you to grumble when the clouds are low?

Does hopelessness diminish any woe?

Do you ever, when in grief, Find sweet comfort or relief?

In boring everybody whom you have the luck to know?

Does it help you when your ventures fail to pay?

To advertise your sorrow or dismay?

Does it ever profit you When you happen to be blue?

To spend your time in trying to make others feel that way?

Plenty of Room.

"Are there any seats in that car?" called the lady who wished to get aboard.

"No," replied the conductor, "but we've got one rear platform step left."

His Supposition.

"I suppose," he said, "it would be useless for me to ask you to be my wife."

"It would," she replied, "if that's your style of going about it."

It Often Happens.

"I thought you said you were getting in on the ground floor?"

"I was, but the floor was rotten and I fell into the cellar."

Literary Aids.

Knicker—What books have helped you most? Bocker—The ones I didn't read: they saved my time.—New York Sun.

The most beautiful of altars is the soul of an unhappy creature, consoled, thanking God.—Victor Hugo.

The Daily Story

THE COLONEL'S PRIDE—BY ARTHUR TOWNSEND.

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"Do you play on any musical instrument?"

"No."

"Have no musical taste?"

"I don't know. I was born and have lived all my life in the heart of a forest, where no musical sound except the singing of the birds has ever reached my ears. But that I have always dearly loved. Why do you ask these questions?"

"Because if you could play upon the cornet or the flangeolet or the trombone you might be permitted to live. As it is, your sentence will be carried out. What a pity that you have not some foundation for a musical training! I could in a few days coach you so that you might save yourself from being shot."

When the Spanish war broke out the news of it reached the wilderness in which I lived. Here was a chance to get out of the woods and into the world. I would enlist for a soldier. I would need no money. The government would clothe, feed and transport me, and all that would be required of me would be to be shot. And if those who shot at me missed me and continued to miss me till the war was over I would be taken care of till the next war, and if I lived through all the wars till I became an old man I would be laid on the shelf, but would be still taken care of.

This was the explanation given me by the recruiting officer, whom I found after a walk of sixty miles. Not caring to walk back again and remain out of the world I accepted the conditions to remain in the world till some enemy fired a shot that would give the government the best of the bargain. I was put into an infantry regiment and an effort was made to knock some of the "green" out of me and turn me into a soldier. But the effort failed. I could not be disciplined and within a week after having been landed in Cuba I struck my captain, was tried for mutiny and sentenced to be shot.

There are two extremes in war. When an army is not in action there is enough red tape used to gild the march, but when the real work begins there isn't any red tape at all. In the mixup that occurred after our landing, while many a good soldier lay dying on the battlefield, I, a mutineer, ill with malaria fever, was turned into the house of a Cuban farmer and was attended by his daughter, one of those dark haired, olive complexioned, long eyelashed daughters of equatorial regions who can't look at a man without falling in love with him.

It has required three times the talk to tell all these commonplace facts as the beginning of my story. It was Inez Gonzales, the farmer's daughter and my nurse, who regretted my want of musical training with which I might have saved my life by blowing a horn.

"A regiment encamped yesterday," she went on, "in a field across the road, and two of the men supped here this evening. One of them said that his cornet and his flangeolet had been killed and his trombone was grunting under a bad wound. The colonel was very proud of the regimental band, and just as soon as the routine of army life commenced he would notice that the music was not up to the mark and there would be the mischief to pay."

The other suggested that musicians be obtained from the prisoners who had been captured from the enemy. The first man answered that he hadn't thought of it; he would try. If you were a musician he might put you into the band.

Here was a chance for life—a ghost of a chance, but still a chance. The only indication that I had enough music in me to avail myself of the opportunity was that I had loved the songs of birds. I asked Inez to go to the camp, and the bandmaster and tell him there was a man in her home who could play on any instrument; that he was ill, but convalescent, and with a couple of weeks' practice would be able to take his place in a band.

Inez told the story, and the bandmaster came over to see me. When I told him I was under sentence to be shot he was a bit discouraged, but said that if I was a first class cornet player he thought the colonel would have enough influence to get a commutation or something that would save my breath for the band. He went away and came back to say that he had seen the colonel and secured an order delaying my execution till it could be discovered whether I was a valuable musician. If so some way of defeating justice would be found by which I could be utilized. The colonel's pride in the band was such that he would shoot a dummy in my stead if necessary, only the army regulations must be faithfully adhered to. But my abilities must be tested before any change in the army situation should take place.

So there I was, not knowing a note of music, sick in bed and required to make a musician of myself immediately, for army situations are not lasting, and the present one was liable to be changed at any moment. I got busy at once, with my life the sour to drive me on. Inez, having taken a few lessons on the piano, had the wherewithal for a beginning. But there was no time to put on an instrument so unlike the one I was required to play, and Inez borrowed a flute. On this I made a beginning. It was better for the purpose than a cornet since it made less noise, and the bandmaster across the road couldn't hear me practicing.

Written music bothered me, but I made wonderful progress, playing whatever came into my head. I could not read music—at least could not learn to do so quickly enough for the purpose—but I could improvise, and what astonished Inez was that I could play only "make up" airs, but could play them with remarkable fervor.

All this developed within a few days,

at the end of which time the bandmaster sent to learn if I was well enough to play for him. I replied that I would be very soon, but since I had not touched a musical instrument since the war began I would like to have him send me one on which I might get a little practice before submitting to a test. He sent me a cornet.

Fearing that he would hear my first efforts and learn of my ignorance of the art to which I pretended, I asked Inez to stuff the cracks in the windows of the room in which I lay, and I began my efforts under the bed. I made what headway I could in this disadvantageous way and in two days began to play on the bed instead of under it. Whether I was heard by the bandmaster or not I don't know, but if I was no word about it came to me. But so fearful was I of betraying my want of knowledge of the cornet that I dare not blow a full blast.

Every day I feared some change that would cut short my preparation, and it was carried on under the fear that at any moment the army law might be permitted to take its course. I was haunted by the expectation of being marched out at any moment, stood up before a file of soldiers and shot. So lugubrious were my feelings that my playing would have been much better fitted for a funeral march than the popular airs of the day.

One morning the bandmaster came to see me and told me that a candidate for cornet player in the band had appeared in the personage of a soldier in the ranks and, since he must have a man to fill the post as soon as possible, unless I was ready to stand a test he would have the other man transferred to the band. I begged him to wait a few days that I might get more strength, but he said the colonel was liable at any time to notice the deteriorated condition of the band and if he did it would be impossible to tell what he would do. This frightened me, and I consented to stand trial.

The next afternoon he brought a man to the house where I was lying. Inez saw them coming with a cornet and, pale as death, ran in to tell me. I was desperate. If I submitted to a trial of skill between myself and one who was familiar with the instrument I would doubtless show my inability as a cornet player; if I refused to submit the man would be appointed in my place and I would be shot.

"Let them come," I exclaimed. "I will blow a blast that will awaken the dead."

I knew that my room was no place for a test on a cornet and asked Inez to hand me my clothes. When the bandmaster arrived I was dressing and sent word to him that I would be out in a few minutes. Having finished my toilet, I muttered a prayer and staggered out on to a porch, where I dropped into a chair. The bandmaster told me and my rival that he would take into the band the better player of the two, and since I was weak and the other fellow was strong he would give me the advantage of playing after him.

My rival took the cornet carelessly. It did not appear that he was anxious to get into the band, and he did not make a special effort. He did not need to do so to beat me, though he did not know it. He played a selection from the overture to "Zampa," a favorite piece for cornet players to show their skill. He rendered it very well, and I could not have played it at all.

One of the few simple airs I had learned was "Home, Sweet Home." Taking the cornet from the bandmaster, I told him that I was not strong enough to give him anything displaying technique; I could only produce melody. I fixed my mind on the cabin where I knew my dear mother was daily thinking of me and on the scene of my expected execution. There were but few notes, but each note was expressive of my depth of feeling. Persons who were passing stopped to listen. I played the air through once, and all were absorbed. I played it a second time, and their eyes were wet. The third time every one within hearing was weeping.

"That's enough," said the bandmaster; "you're my man."

"Hold," I said; "the secret must come out in time! I can't play a note. I have simply learned this in the vain hope of saving my life."

"I don't care if you can't play the scale; there's more music in you than in my whole band. I'll make a musician of you, and when I do you'll be a wonder."

Inez's tears gushed afresh, and she clasped me in her arms.

My execution was got round in this way. A requisition was made on the quartermaster for a coffin. It was indorsed, "No coffin in my possession." The requisition having been referred to the colonel, he issued a special order that I was to be released from arrest till a coffin could be procured in which to bury me. The coffin was never procured, and I have never been buried. The army regulations were adhered to, and I have become a great musician. Inez is my wife.